

Uh-huh
Bo Jack
Where we at?
Let's get it
Griselda

On Van Dyke with the bros, pitchin' like Verlander
Over the Viking stove, never been a stair glancer
So anti with the pole, last of the Airbenders
Don't make me wipe his nose, these niggas square dancers
Burnin' Dolce dough, no, this ain't my first rodeo
I turn around like a hoedown, down in the okey-dokes
You playin' in the wrong arena and don't know the ropes
Never seen a marina with Selena laid up on the coast
That Valentino jacket blue with the yellow flamingo
Gunn lookin' like a fashion guru, drippin' Supremo
My scale dusty, weed and my clientele musty
Give a fuck how niggas feel as long as Arielle trust me
On the run from that federal cell in the country
Where I'm from, if you ain't dead or in jail, then you lucky
Been out here feelin' lonely ever since the death of Duffy
All my nigga wanted was a Rollie and a pair of Buffys
What else?